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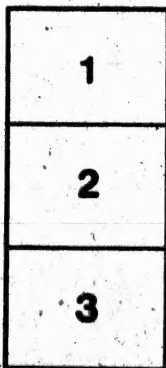
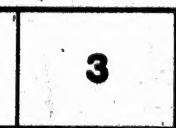
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d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants
illustrent la méthode.



Ch. Cornish

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV: WM. MACAULAY,

RECTOR OF THE PARISH OF PICTON:

A FRIEND TO THE HELPLESS POOR;

THE PATRON OF TALENT, EDUCATION, AND RELIGION;

WHOSE GENTLEMANLY MANNERS, AND AMIABLE DISPOSITION,

WITH HIS FAITHFUL MINISTRY;

HAS FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS,

WON THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THIS COMMUNITY,

IS THIS LITTLE VOLUME

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

My lot was cast in the vicinity of this beautiful town about four years ago. I was then in the capacity of a travelling preacher on Milford Circuit. In that capacity I endeavoured to labour and live as a "workman that need not be ashamed." But, some parties, from some unaccountable reason, misrepresented me, and laboured to place me in a prejudicial position in the eyes of the community. But, feeling confident that as waters find their level, that these false influences would die, and that gentlemen of mind and character would judge me by my principles, spirit, and general deportment. In this respect, I trust the community have had no cause of complaint during my stay as a citizen among you. During a serious decline of health, I chose your scenic town as my abode, as being highly calculated to draw out what may lie within of the beautiful or sublime. My quiet hours of retirement have not been unfruitful in this respect, as abundant subjects before you have testified.

It would appear that Providence placed me in my present position, either to develop a power that lay dormant in the soul, or teach my heart humility by a proof of a want of the true gift of the muse altogether.

Personal benefit is not the sole object of the publication of these pamphlets of poetry; while the subjects I have chosen did not demand laborious reading and a great mental grasp, I saw no subjects more worthy my present state of health than to memorialize the scenery, the talent, etc., of this my adopted country. Should I prove unlike the towering souls of Parnassus in everything else, I certainly claim

to resemble them in personal disinterestedness. One journal states I have "struck a vein of popular feeling calculated to reach the sympathies." I am sure I am accidentally fortunate in this respect, as I never before in life was placed in a position to need them so much. I have frequently described geniuses and characters that were diametrically opposed in religion and general sympathies. This would be likely to subject me to severe prejudice from their opponents. In this, as a Toronto journal says, I have "maintained a sturdy independence of the rules of modern philology." While there is no great merit in either of the productions, I excuse their imperfections on the ground of ill-health, and the shortness of time in their composition. If clouds have wedded clouds, and deepened in Egyptian darkness on my head in Picton, there have also clouds of light and love broke upon my spirit with greater sweetness than the nectar of the gods; and I shall always recur to it with pleasureable memories. Notwithstanding the severity of the times, friends have been extremely liberal in aiding me in the publication of this little memento of their town, which I hope will have a general circulation in the country.

I have pleasure in paying a tribute of public gratitude to our worthy Mayor, with other gentry, who aided me in the publication of this Poem. Thauking them for this mark of confidence and kindness, and wishing them all every blessing from heaven and earth,

I remain your humble servant,

J. T. BREEZE.



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THE POET'S MEMENTO OF PICTON.

My weary harp of late in active songs,
Has moved the mass of Canadas' vast throngs,
But latent fires still lingering in my breast,
Shall move again its strings ere it hath rest.
To chant of Picton and her scenes of pride
That deck the land and breast Her surging tide,
'Twas she received the poet's humble feet,
From foreign shore's and did his spirit greet.
She listened eager to those strains of mind,
That graced his lips and left live thoughts behind.
And through their power they hand his humble name,
Down through all time, crowned with the bliss of fame.
Some venom'd foe would stain his brow of truth,
Marr the calm peace within his breast of youth,
A stranger here from Britain's happy shore,
His heart gained power these sorrows to endure.
In Jesus strength he breasted every wave,
That did in might against his spirit lave,
And when kind wedlock bless'd his brow of pain
He prints his feet on thy fair breast again.
And tune'd the lyre from out his heart of love,
Till angels hear him from their courts above,
O thou wert cruel thinking that a spy,
Had come thy scenes and beauties to descry.
But nay! he came to shew his heart to thee,
And pour its fullness on thy spirit free;
Soon thou beheld'st its native moral power.
Bask't in its smiles that o'er thy scenes did lower,
Thy faith did soon upon its power confide,
Though troubles roll'd and sorrows still abide.

Yea on thy breast I say it with a tear,
 Was Born my son mid deep and untold fear,
 Death seemed to linger round the favoured brow,
 Of blooming beauty bowing spirits low.
 Life travelled hard within my labouring breast,
 Hopes seemed to fly, I longed for heavenly rest.
 Behind those clouds lingered a ray of light,
 Beaming in beauty on my spirit bright.
 Its lustre fell in power to disperse.
 The pending clouds that threat our lives to curse;
 Now months have fled I dandle on my knee,
 Hope of my heart, joy of my years so free.
 Picton O hear! Twas on thy lovely shore,
 My son was born, where I deep sorrow bore,
 He is a native of thy fertile soil,
 And to thy shores my memory will recoil,
 Though distant years should find me far away,
 From the mild clime of thy romantic Bay.
 If future years shall crown his brow with fame,
 And bring rich lustre to his favoured name,
 He'll turn in pride to own that on thy hearth,
 His joyful mother gave him fortune's birth,
 Nor will his name to thee unworthy prove.
 Should his proud harp be dipped in changless love
 And tune his lyre thy glories to declare,
 When burns his breast with powers of music rare.

NATURAL SCENERY (THE BAY.)

Picton! then list, since thou hast deign'd to hear
 The humble out-breaks of the poet's prayer,
 Thy gen'rous pardon calmed the poet's breast,
 Thine arms laid down, I go in peace to rest
 And seize my lyre, thy beauties to portray,
 As I design'd in song the other day.

Thy glorious scenes shall claim my fruitful pen
 Once these display'd I'd move thy smiles again;
 Oh! had I wings to soar with eagle view,
 To sketch thy grandeur and deep beauty too,
 I'd, dove-like, wander in thy calmest sky,
 And shade thy glories deep immortally.

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Descend my wings, I'd calm my burning breast
On Quinte's wave, nor give my lyre rest,
Thy Bay romantic, full of scenes to charm,
Should then inspire, and move my bosom warm,
And burn on genius that lies hidden there,
To talk with nature, and her beauties rare,
I'd climb her Bay, and see, gracing her side,
Majestic halls as types of English pride,
Where English hearts do burn of English fire,
Nor waves of foreign shores doth it expire.

Along thy silver face ploughs, every day,
A monstrous steamer, furrowing deep thy bay.
Like Neptune's wheels that did the ocean sweep
The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him, on the wat'ry way,
Did heavy whales in awkward measures play;
When going on to where there lay a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Timbrus broke the rolling wave;
So thou bear'st on thy breast some tidings glad,
To bless some homes though making others sad,
From foreign climes, where Picton sons have gone,
To seek their fortune of wealth or renown.

THE CHURCHES.

My footsteps fall, I on thy shore do stand,
I ope' my eye, two Churches grace the land,
Most ancient sisters! tho' their quarrels long
Have changed their likeness and discords their song,
They stand as sentinels keeping jealous guard
Of sacred Doctrine as they both regard.
Macaulay! thou bend'st beneath thy weight of years,
Thy "righteous crown" is worn with holy fears,
Thou stand'st in honor, all unstained thy name,
Through many years increasing sacred fame,
Appointed thou! dost stand the vet'ran guard
Of christian truth, given thee by Christ the Lord.
Let scoffers mock! and laugh its ancient form,
When crush these worlds, it will their souls alarm;

O! when thy mantle falls by Jordan's stream,
 Thy "chariot" comes as ends life's transient dream,
 Then let it fall on shoulders like thy own,
 To grace those doctrines and thy sacred gown.

O could the bard give one poetic strain!
 To cheer the heart of ancient Rome again,
 The germ of truth that's sown in her must rise,
 To harvest spring, and ripen for the skies,
 Whose chariot wheels no earthly power can stay,
 Nor check its progress till the judgement day;
 Then cheer at this thou sister Church of Rome
 Whose ancient shade is yet this side the tomb.

Nor stay my lyre, for thou hast many a string,
 As yet unswept, with melody to ring,
 A massive Church doth greet thy 'mazing eye,
 In heaven above doth tower deep in the sky;
 The gazer feels at home beside its walls,
 As if transported here were old St. Paul's,
 And in his bosom swells with similar power
 The organ's thunder on the Sabbath hour;
 And wafts in living strains the peasant's song,
 To mingle heavenward with th' angelic throng;
 And on the desk the sacred herald stood,
 And pour'd, without a form, his prayer to God;
 And turns to man, as coming from the throne,
 And aims a message at his heart alone;
 With heavenly light the "human face divine,"
 Beams with the truth and lets it outward shine,
 Till every conscience feels the word of light,
 And owns the message comes from God aright;
 But where, O God, say where the wondrous power
 Display'd in man, in Wesley's gracious hour;
 O! send again his equals to the field,
 Who never saw the sword he dared not wield.

Across from this, in line, as though to greet
 This sister Church, another one would meet—
 In object one to serve and praise their Lord,
 And hap'ly here they do in peace accord,
 Her walls less pompous, but within doth tower
 Of massive learning and of mental power;
 The past the preacher holds to wondrous view,
 His audience charmed with wonders old and new;

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Old Plato's depths are sounded by his line,
 Nor e'er turn up without gold from his mine,
 If Scotia soul, and heart, and mental power
 Need yet be seen, draw near on Sabbath hour,
 And see their honors in full glory shine
 In preacher, people, and worship divine.

THE CLERGY.

THE REV. W. MACAULAY.

The bard may tune his harp strings in praise of one whose life
 Abounds of Christian virtues through all earth's varied strife;
 He witness'd Picton's childhood, and grew up with its pride;
 His home 's still bedecking the shores of Quinte's tide.

The polished son of letters—the chaste—the wise and good,
 Whose acts of Christian virtue abound to man and God;
 The grace of English manners, its honor and its truth,
 Fall from his tongue, adorning his life since days of youth.

His wealth is e'er conducive to th' interest of Christ's cause,
 And builds to him a temple to expound God's holy laws;
 He, like his "Christian fathers," who wrench'd the truths of God
 From superstition's power, and shed their light abroad;

Both hope yet through their power to raise his soul on high,
 And with the ransom'd million join song eternally;
 This life has many a shadow, and thou hast seen them all;
 Thy sand of life are dropping, the last will shortly fall.

Oh! what a glorious army from out the church hath gone
 To join that halleluiah before the Eternal Throne,
 Who shed the light of virtue through life, in word and deed,
 And bless'd God's humble poor—supplied their every need.

They guided them through darkness and through temptations' power,
 And pointed them to Jesus through life's tempestuous hour;
 Their noble powers were cultured and strengthened from their youth,
 And their strong hearts were richly imbued with grace and truth.

Thou know'st their Christian virtues, and lov'st to practice, too,
 The same sublime examples that Jesus taught them true;
 O 'twill be bliss to meet them on the eternal shore!
 To hold divine communion when human life is o'er.

They graced the sacred office that thou art gracing still,
Whose lives were in conjunction to God's most holy will;
Yea, some whose blood was sprinkled in honour of the truth,
Are now in heaven a blooming in pure, immortal youth.

'Twill yet be sweet to counsel with Butler from above,
Whose mighty mind did service to Jesus' cause of love;
And there meet Bishop Heber, whose pure poetic soul
Doth yet in loving accents amid their number roll.

There 'mong that throng, Macaulay, yet robed in light and love
The bard doth trust to meet thee amid those joys above;
The shade of difference vanished that is between us now,
And 'fore that throne of glory in harmony we'll bow.

REV. R. C. SWINTON.

Hail, brother dear, by more than blood,
Thou heir to an eternal throne,
Who walk'st by counsels of thy God,
To where our great forerunner's gone.

Thou drop'st as from a heavenly cloud,
The dews of doctrines all divine,
To bless the wondering Sabbath crowd,
With those most favored lips of thine.

The poet sat enchained in thought,
And heard thy words of living light,
Which to his heart God's message brought,
Poured forth by thee in heavenly might.

Thy mental acumen will class
With Doddridge, Watts, or Rowland Hill,
Who overawed the listening mass,
And swayed their audience at will.

Those wondrous powers within thy soul
Are stored with immense precious ore,
Which serve as handmaids to unroll
God's living words of truth e'er more.

Oh, how thou lov'st to guard the truth,
To roam its bulwarks all around,
And point the sinner's eye in youth,
To where the springs of hope are found.

And as thou walk'st in private hours,
 Those glorious truths each to survey,
 Thou pausest with thy mighty powers,
 Around the cross's hallowed ray.

And gaze'st through that mirror bright
 To God's own heart of boundless love,
 As all its floodgates brake aright
 Down from those realms of light above.

And as thou see'st love's river flow
 Down from His heart to guilty man,
 Fain would'st thou measure it to know
 How great it's wide infinite span.

But feelest all thy powers bend
 And quail beneath the mighty theme,
 Yet thou in loftiest strains would'st send
 Thy loud hosannas up to Him.

Who call'd thee to proclaim His word,
 And gave thee unction from above
 To point the guilty to their Lord,
 And the rich ocean of his love.

Long may'st thou live to feel and know
 The fulness of this love divine,
 And whilst thou tread'st this vale below
 May all its happiness be thine.

'Ere long in heaven amidst the throng
 Thou'lt raise there to perennial joy,
 And join the holy host in song,
 Where nothing can thy bliss alloy.

REV. J. HUNT.

Stern as the rocks on British hills,
 Pure as the streams that grace her brook
 Fruitful as 'side the running rills
 Were powers that from thy presence broke.

The ample forest breaking wide,
 On whose strong bosom rests the oak,
 With beauteous lillies by her side,
 That always in mild language spoke.

Was not more fruitful than thy mind
 Where grow strong doctrines of the truth,
 With leauteous flowers that always find,
 A place to bloom in changeless youth.

Proud like the mind that pens the thought,
 Descriptive of thy nature deep,
 It take's a Briton's powers high wrought,
 Into a British heart to peep.

Yea none but British minds can know,
 What means the steriness in his soul.
 With love that in fine streamlets flow,
 Like oceans tides that always roll.

Be bless'd then while thou here mayst roam
 Beneath light of Canadian sky,
 So far from friends in British home,
 Till thou'rt transferred to bliss on high.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.

WALTER ROSS, ESQ., M. P. P.,

COLONEL OF THE BATTALION, AND LATE MAYOR.

The germs of truth that moved old Scotia's race,
 Beam in rich lustre in thy manly face,
 The ethereal fire that burn'd without control
 In Scotia's sons, glares in thy lustrous soul ;
 The powers that moved their hearts to noble deeds,
 Dwells in thy breast in pure immortal seeds,
 They guide thy powers and energies of mind,
 To bravest acts of valour of all kind ;
 Goodness and truth shall sway thy mental power,
 To guard thy country in her trying hour,
 To all thy deeds and virtues of all kind,
 The country's eye has not been ever blind.
 She sees the power that raised thy favoured name
 Among the great who covet seats of fame,
 Nor is she slow to honour thy proud brow,
 With wreath of pride that hang of beauteous blow ;

Thy hand was first to grasp thy country's good,
 T' obey the mandate of Victoria's word ;
 Thou lovest the laurels that bloom ever green
 Around the crown of our illustrious queen,
 Nor could the "King of Terror" with his sword,
 Repel the valour that thy heart 'll afford ;
 Thy breast be starred with emblems of the brave,
 Who fled their country in dark hours to save.
 The sons of Scotia, and of Britain, too,
 Would love to see them on thy bosom true,
 Heaven, too, bestowed her temp'ral gifts of love,
 In generous stores free from her throne above,
 Thy beauteous home for countless years 'll abide,
 To grace the shores of Quinte's sullen tide.

A few frail years found thee in humble life,
 Unrobed by power unarmed against its strife;
 One single aim ruled in thy youthful breast,
 Nor gave thy spirit but few hours of rest,
 Until it raised thy noble powers of soul,
 With vast desires thy fellows to control,
 Thy mind gained power to sway an influence wide,
 To bow their powers and rule their breasts of pride.
 Well did thine eye discern the source of power,
 That governed man through this life changing hour.
 The worth of wealth, of knowledge, and of might,
 Was known and judged by thy young powers aright.
 Thy manly spirit sought them as a prey,
 Converted each, a power thee to obey,
 Till now thy name rings in vast halls of pride,
 Sitting in power Earth's great 'lone by thy side.
 I've heard thy name blessed by the humble poor,
 Who claimed thy help, dependant at thy door ;
 The cause of God has known thy liberal hand,
 Relieve her wants when strug'ling in the land ;
 God of thy fathers smile upon thy breast,
 And give thee here His peace and pious rest,
 And when his throne in glory yet shall come,
 To gather all his ransomed children home,
 O ! be it thine then by his side to shine,
 Bright in the glory of that throne divine,
 And wear a crown with royal robes of love,
 Bright mid the throngs in glorious bliss above,

Casting thy crown in honour at his throne,
 Lost in the blaze of glory all unknown,
 Chanting the strains of melody that fall,
 From saint and angel mid their glories all.

J. P. ROBLIN, ESQ., Ex-M. P. P.

When our country's woods were spreading beauteous foliage o'er the plain
 And her rivers wildly bounding o'er the deep, enchanting main;
 In her youth, 'fore art or science had scarce placed upon her brow,
 All the various beauteous laurels that do grace her temples now.

When the eagle spread her pinion, fanning many a forest tree,
 Then through skies fearless ascending, kissing clouds with nature free;
 Nature's breast then bearing fully all the wealth of days of old,
 'Twas thy parents' right to levy on those gifts of good untold.

And with all her glorious interest it was thine to share a part,
 And thy country's honour trembled with th' pulsations of thy heart—
 In her youth when strength and glory laboured hard to crown her brow—
 In dark days when foe's would rob her of the crown she's wearing now.

It was thine to guide battalions to front foes in her defense;
 Sleepless were thine eyes then often, till their feet were driven hence.
 Thus thy soul grew with thy country, sharing all its blessings pure,
 All thy manly powers were duly lent her int'rest to secure.

As the sun whose wondrous power moulds the planet 'neath her sway,
 Bearing all their varied glories on her own fair breast away;
 Thus thy heart was often'd centered, powerful 'mid vast powers of soul,
 Moulding all their deep affections, bearing on them wide control.

That their voice lov'd oft to send thee, four times thou obeyst their call;
 Through sixteen long years thy footsteps graced their legislative hall;
 And the church of God has welcomed all the labours thou hast given,
 And would love awhile retain thee, till thou'rt called to shine in heaven.

WM. ANDERSON, ESQ., Ex-M. P. P.

Canadian souls awake! I sound the lyre,
 Your country's son doth yet its strings inspire,
 Proud Greece and Rome can boast of gems of light,
 Casting their lustre o'er this world so bright;
 Their powers of thought and inward life of force,
 Shone on the world as Saturn in her course,

Leading men's souls, and pointing mind above,
 As warriors guide the armies that they love.
 Our younger world embracing every power
 Of genius, thought, made rich from ancient lore,
 Can boast of powers to comprehend their thought,
 Select the truth, and sift the chaff to naught,
 And travel high to bring to birth again
 Some mightier thoughts despite deep, mental pain.
 Our Country's youth forbids the muse rehearse,
 What deeds of pride the ancient lauds disperse,
 But now gives birth to minds of every grade,
 Of varied genius the Almighty 'th made,
 Who guide the loom or wield the rugged spade.
 O Canada! from 'side thy swelling lake,
 Some poet's songs in glowing rapture break,
 Beside thy hills, or 'side some lonely rock,
 The glowing words of manly wisdom broke,
 That moved the country with their matchless stroke;
 Who crept their way from many a mean hillside,
 To sound in power in classic halls of pride,
 That Greece and Rome, yet listening from afar,
 Behold the lustre of some ancient star,
 And charmed draws near to hear such thoughts again,
 That touched their lips and graced their noble brain.
 Thus, Anderson, thine energies of soul
 Have moved apace thy country to control;
 Son of her soil! she's wedded to thy heart,
 No power dare bid her from thy love depart;
 She's blessed thy brow with honour and renown,
 Smiles in thy smiles nor breaks on thee a frown.
 The noble impulse labouring in thy breast,
 Can bless thy friends and lulls thy foes to rest,
 A genuine soul loved by the human heart,
 Able to move its gentle powers apart.
 Live then to rise, that some proud poet's lyre,
 May have the bliss to pour on thee its fire,
 And stamps the letters of thy favoured name,
 Upon the tablets of immortal fame.

JUDGE FAIRFIELD.

Thy silvery brow doth wear an honoured crown,
 As a reward for deeds that thou hast done;

Its circling light of justice and of truth,
 Break round thy head since early days of youth.
 Justice, the law, the scope for all thy powers,
 'Thou studiast well throughout life's wearied hours;
 And in its realm thy noble soul refined,
 Pours its effulgence 'neath a heart so kind,
 Watching the intrigues of the human heart,
 As they do oft from laws or justice part;
 To thwart their ends, and from their grasp retire.
 To do again their deeds of sinful hire;
 And in that hour when the dark fate of man
 Did rest with thee on life's contracted span,—
 'These laws of right and principles of power
 Ne'er left thy breast in that important hour;
 Thy tender eye may glance with conscious pain,
 Upon the victim wrestling with his chain,
 And on that law that held him 'neath its power,
 When all his soul did for its terror cower.
 True to the feeling of the human soul,
 To passions pure that in his bosom roll;
 True, as a servant, to the human law,
 Nor smilest in guise when conscious of its flaw:
 The wondering crowd may weep a flood of tears
 At all the throes within his breast of fears;
 Yea, this may steal the tears from their source,
 To move as stars that travel in their course,
 But justice labouring in the honest breast,
 Shall rule the throng, and hush the crowd to rest.
 Thine eye may roam beyond the bound of time,
 Where glorious scenes may claim the poet's rhyme,
 When stars will fall, and Saturn lose her course,
 And Venus run 'neath some wild, frantic course,—
 When bows the throne, and comes the Judge supreme,
 Thou at the bar, when ends life's transient dream;
 When earth has fled, and temporal courts are o'er,
 And Justice reigns high there for evermore;
 And thou in awe stand 'fore the Judge divine,
 When all its light will on thy presence shine;
 May justice, pure in favour, kiss thy brow,
 For all thy love to her in realms below,
 When friendless here mid darkness, death and woe,
 And raise thee high upon a throne of love,
 And crown thy brow with wreaths of light above.

COUNTY SHERIFF THORP.

Thy brilliant powers in graceful splendour move,
 To serve the country that thy heart doth love ;
 Thy soul is wedded to its matchless pride,
 Thou'lt rise or fall with her in every tide ;
 Thy glory is that thou art Britain's son,
 Prid'st in the honour that her valor won ;
 Thou stand'st connected with her interest high,
 And lovest to see her banner stainless fly,
 Waving in pride and noble majesty.

Thy noble powers are always on th' alert,
 In every case those powers do prove expert.
 Kindness and truth have knit the public heart,
 To thy fond own no power dare bid them part,
 They trust thy merit, and in thee confide,
 Lean on thy honour e'er with British pride.
 Keen to observe and clear thy powers of thought
 Thy intellect bright, is with sound wisdom fraught ;
 A soul refin'd with generous motives pure,
 Dost oft unconscious noble hearts secure ;
 May numerous years of honour yet remain,
 To crown thy brow and bless thy gifted brain,
 Live to adorn thy country's rising fame.
 With her proud hist'ry hand thine honour name ;
 And when cold death will bow thy peaceful head
 Low in the confines of earth's dusty bed,
 Then may thy country's manly son arise
 To bless thy mem'ry gazing to the skies !

Now H. McDONALD, ESQ., JAILOR.

Justice hath placed thee at thy manly post,
 And of thy deeds thy country loves to boast ;
 Thy noble brow doth wear a ghastly scar,
 Like those that grace the votaries of war ;
 Firm at thy post ; true to thy sacred trust,
 Thy purple blood once sacred kiss'd the dust,—
 The slaves of vice, of treachery, and wrong,
 That curse our land and spoil the quiet throng,
 Pour'd vengeance wild upon thy placid head,
 And threat to lay thee with the peaceful dead ;

Still no vague fears doth stain thy manly soul,
 Thou'lt love to die as noble veterans fall;
 No coward fears rise in thy manly breast
 Though death did threaten to put thee to rest.
 We pride in thee, as valiant soldiers pride
 Upon their comrades who fall by their side,
 Our love entwines around thy noble heart,
 As twines the ivy round the oak apart.
 We oft do gaze upon the scar, and feel
 That thou would'st die to save thy country's weal,
 It moves our breast with similar loyal fire,
 Burns on the soul and doth our hearts inspire;
 It learns our soul to never yield to fear,
 When danger comes and foes are leading near,
 May loyal love ne'er desert our breast,
 But death if need lay all our heads to rest.

I stretch my eye along the "Lover's Walk,"
 Where youth resort, their heart-felt thought to talk,
 Where oft, perchance, the lover's vow was made,
 Or kept or broken! answers sacred shade.
 And as my vision rolls, there stands between
 The town and I deep shrubbery ever green,
 To break the terrors of the winter's gloom,
 And promise spring again in living bloom.

I change my view, the prison greets my eye,
 It's gloom an emblem of its deep misery,
 Where many breasts of dark despair may ache,
 No arm to rescue, none to deep pity take.
 No mercy from the sky may fall,
 No light from their bosom through that prison wall;
 No innocent may lie
 Within its walls, calm as the azure sky,
 For holy men have graced a darker wall,
 And angels' footsteps near them often fall;
 "Sons of the rock" shall sing 'loud in the night,
 These sky doth clear, e'en then, as noonday bright,
 Were Falls within, again—yes blessed be God,
 These walls should shake again beneath his nod.

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HIS WORTH, THE LATE MAYOR LANGMUIR.

Moulded by the hallowed power of thy pious parents' mind,
And ennobled by the motives that have thy strong heart refined,
Thou art here laid those affections that entwine around the pure,
Thy name and mem'ry bless us, long as Quinte waves endure !

Early did the gracious teachings of thy parents rule thy heart,
And those noble thoughts they taught thee, never from thy breast depart ;
Picton has conferred upon thee the best honour in its power,
Seeing thou hast won affections from their bosom through life's hour.

But did fate not mean thy powers to be stored with precious lore,
And their energies to scatter living thoughts for ever more ?
Why should business then engross thee ? why be loaded with its care ?
Does not intellect dictate thee nobler scenes in life to share ?

Leave the world for humbler spirits, let its aims not stain thy soul ;
Free thy mental power to linger where the mightiest thoughts do roll ;
Revel with illustrious spirits in those seas of knowledge pure,
Then thy name may live in hist'ry long as sun and moon endure.

Does thy mind not yearn oft after truths profound of precious store,
And regret that thou hast often left them since sweet days of yore,
It doth pain me seeing thy spirit here engross'd with things of earth,
While their mental powers could easy win joys of celestial birth.

Ask the early days of spring-time, when the soul was opening wide,
For those treasures from the ocean that came often with the tide ;
Ask the openings of thy spirit, ask those yearnings of thy mind,
Is there not some nobler treasure left by thee in life behind ?

Ask thy sister's reading genius, ask her as she piles the lore
In the storehouse of the memory, to embellish mind o'er more,
If she would not love to see thee rev'ling in the world of thought
Storing thy strong native powers with the truths thy fathers taught.

Doth the Bard now err, forgive him, as these thoughts rush through his soul,
But they press upon my spirit, and I let them freely fall ;
Should thy parents' brow be levelled by the sword of death so low,
And the poet's soul be near him, it should in fine accents flow.

To do justice to his memory, with the unction of its power,
And then stamp those hours with pathos, that should live for evermore ;
Be that day some years yet distant, when he'll bow his peaceful head,
And mid perfect love and blessings, rest in death's cold dusty bed.

WM. OWEN, ESQ., MAYOR OF PICTON.

Thy youthful days were spent in gaining power
 O'er hearts whose aid did bless thee in life's hour,
 The people chose thee as the favoured one,
 To rule as Mayor o'er this illustrious town ;
 'Twill long remain a fact on history's page,
 That thou did'st once a desperate battle wage,
 And gain the honor and the wreath that now
 In fadeless bloom doth hang upon thy brow.

Kindness controls thy attributes of heart,
 Its genial worth doth ne'er from it depart,—
 The poet felt its tend'rest dropping fall,
 Warm on the tablets of his troubled soul,
 And in return the happy muse 's inspired,
 To bless thy name, whose deeds are e'er admitted ;
 Nor I alone have felt its blessed aid,
 Its gifts benign by other doors were laid ;
 To bless thy name for all thy acts of love,
 The public voice to honour thee doth move,
 And at the polls exultingly declare,
 That Owens, now, is chosen Picton's Mayor.
 May heaven benign let on thy spirit fall
 The blessing others from thy gift did call ;
 And may thy sons, in years of youth and pride,
 Around the shores of Quinta long abide,
 To hand thy name a sample of the power,
 That can be gained by deeds like thine each hour,
 Live to retain for distant years to come,
 The friendship Picton gives thy favoured home,
 That others learning of thy source of strength,
 May to the heights of honour soar at length.

CAPT. DOWNS.

And Picton, list! within thy favoured bound,
 The exquisite touch of a fine soul is found,
 A mind endowed with eagle eye to guide,
 The painter's brush in happy grace and pride ;
 Whose powers can revel in the bliss of art,
 Portraying lifelike every touching part.
 Genius creates the beauties that thy hand,
 Imprints in fame to deck this forest land ;

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Thy taste refined beyond the common height,
 Towers 'bove the mass and roams in regions bright;
 Thy beauteous home and all within its pale,
 Seated so lovely in this pleasant dale,
 Doth testify of noble powers that reign,
 Throwing bright lustre o'er thy favoured brain.

O genius bright! I point with British pride,
 To thee whose rays illumines old Quinte's tide;
 Live thou to smile upon our favoured town,
 Survive in fame less lights that flitter down,
 Nor thank the bard to hand thy gifted name,
 Upon the tablets of proud time for fame.

Proud of his task, his towering soul would bow,
 And at thy feet his every laurel throw;
 His music dies to listen and to blush,
 Before the splendours of the artist's brush,
 O son of genius! I fall at thy feet,
 Where scenes sublime will my proud spirit greet!
 My pen will fall and drop my humble lyre,
 To see the beauties that thy thoughts inspire,
 And loud proclaim in melody once more,
 The gifts and grace that reign round Picton's shore,

STEWART WILSON, ESQ.

Weary my wing in towering high, still she pursues her steady way,
 And if some virtue draweth nigh that need be brought to light of day,
 The poet's soul doth early view, and bends its pinions on the prey,
 She bears it on her wing anew, and pours it forth as light of day.
 Did God endow thy native soul with powers earth riches to acquire,
 And hold them at thy own control, to bless mankind at thy desire?
 His cause was not the least thy hand did open open freely to supply,
 To honour the Divine command, thou answeredst the churches cry;
 Did Hiram, king of Tyre, send men skilled in every cunning art,
 With gold and silver without end, a symbol of his noble heart,
 To build the temple of the Lord, and burn sweet incense fore his throne?
 And so didst thou such gifts afford a symbol of thy noble own;
 Thy name and mem'ry will resound, long as the church's bells will chime,
 Long as my verse shall here abound to Picton in my native rhyme.

CAPT. SMITH.

When the summer's breeze is blowing, pleasant o'er Ontario's lake,
O, 'tis gay to see thy vessel o'er those rising billows break,
Ploughing through in spite of tempest, laughing at the whistling storm,
As it plays in treble fury, keeping Quinte's bosom warm.

And to hear the bugle sounding 'mid the crowd upon the deck,
As its tones do echo sweetly from the distant troubled lake;
Hearts of love are waiting eager, to caress those friends that come
On its bosom, that have wandered from the joys of happy home.

And the Captain's merry spirit pours its music on the throng,
'Mid the joys of those that listen to the charms of pleasure's song;
Free, polite,—his generous nature offers each the welcome aid,
That entrust to him their substance when the passage fee is paid.

I'll away, though waves be tossing all their fury at my feet,
To some distant isle, awaiting any fortune me to greet;
Bear me on thy breast, St. Lawrence, as St. Helen ploughs thy wave—
Captain Smith, amid the fury, saves me from the wat'ry grave.

Down Long Sault, and o'er the rapids, swift as dives the heavy whale,
In her glory goes St. Helen, fish-like shakes her heavy tail;
Thousands greet her in the distance, waiting for th' intrepid boat,
Bids her to their shores a welcome as she o'er the billows float.

Home again upon thy bosom, 'mid the Captain's merry glee,
Bask my smile in his to welcome Picton and her charms to me;
Free as air the "mighty dollar," flies round Picton's happy shore,
Blessing all the friends of commerce, then returns in search of more.

Live a thousand years, dear Captain, enjoy them with a sailor's heart,
Never let thy name and memory from the shores of Picton part;
When the storms of life are over, Jordan's waves be tossing even,
May the gospel bark then guide us home to our desired haven.

JAS. McCUAIG, ESQ.

Burn, burn my genius, pour immortal fire
In happy strains upon my raptured lyre;
Move thou, my harp, and thou, my busy quill,
Friend of my life, obedient to my will;
Thou ruler wide, yea, sword and sceptre, too,
Whose mighty power can nations wide subdue;
Statesmen and bards of every land and age,
Know of the powers thy energies can wage;

Nations and thrones have trembled at thy feet,
And come in pride thy happy fruits to greet.
O! then obey the motions of my mind,
Stamp brightest gems that genius leaves behind,
As summer's leaves fall from the troubled tree,
Torn by the winds that rush in majesty,
So fall the thoughts that charm my raptured brain,
When inspiration rules the soul again.

Around the shores of Quinte's silvery bay
Spread the wild beauties that proud nature lay,
And 'neath the murmur of her rugged wave,
My breast inspired with mightiest thoughts doth heave;
They charm my soul in happy strains of bliss,
That my elysian is half felt in this.

McCuaig, thy home imbued with light and love,
Forshade the virtues of the land above;
Here friendship, peace, and purity, and light,
Shine in th' effulgence of deep glories bright;
Knowledge and truth reign through thy nobler powers,
T' illumine the moments of life's chequered hours;
Thy manly wisdom, and discretions aid,
Have spread the comforts that round thee are laid,
Dispensing good and comfort that supply
The earthly hope of every spirit sigh.
Old Greece and Rome, and lands of bright renown,
Have worn their laurels and illustrious crown;
But our loved land, not known till modern days,
Were not the glories of proud learning's rays;
Science ne'er placed upon her brow so bright,
The assembled glories of our modern light,
To chase away the death of pagan night.

But, happy now, the poet's pen can trace
Th' glorious outlines of unbounded grace;
Canadian sons are born beneath its ray,
And know the joys of a superior day.
On thee, McCuaig, proud nature placed her hand,
And clothed thy brow with powers to deck the land;
And hundreds revel in the light divine,
Which from thy soul in emanations shine;
My pen 's inspired, I pay a tribute long
To that bright form worth an angel song,
In angel grace the Eve of Eden still,
Swayeth her graces o'er thy mighty will,

24
We gazed in pride on her illustrious eye,
Within whose depths immortal treasures lie
The light of truth shone o'er her brow in grace,
Casting its shadow o'er her lustrous face ;
Nature and grace have laboured to supply
That comely spirit marching to the sky,
And may the bard in pure, immortal light,
Gaze on her brow in world of glory bright,
Thou by her side in all the bliss of love,
Walking 'mid glories of that world above.

CHARLES WILSON, ESQ.,

Come, gentle muse, obedient to my will,
Awake again to bless my anxious quill,
The mighty agents fore which nations bow,
And quail before its mighty powers low ;
O, do diffuse thy deep, inspiring power,
To bless the moments of an idle hour,
True to th' int'rest of thy arduous toil,
Portray these beauties round this fertile soil ;
A beauteous home beside the house of God,
Should claim thy power to swell its praise abroad,
Its lovely form in harmony with all
The varied beauties that 'round Picton fall—
Its noble inmates bless the humble poor,
That come for pity to their generous door ; —
Yea, nature's God bestrewn with generous hand
The gifts of life by his divine command,
And gave them power to acquire earth's various good,
That makes them stewards of the gift of God ;
And happy thou, if Jesus' cause above,
Attracts the sympathies of thy heart of love ;
Thy happy home doth welcome since thy youth
The noble heralds of God's sacred truth,
And many a gift dictated from thy heart,
Did from thy home in gentle kindness part,—
To bless that cause, for which Christ's heart of love
Threw off his crown and left his throne above ;
Love not the world—look through it to that God
From whence these gifts in gen'rous streamlets flowed ;
A broken reed, if all thy power of faith,
Rest on it yet in the dark hours of death ;



